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The Athenian Mercury.

Tuesday, *November* 27. 1694.

From a Lady, with the Three following.

Queſt. 1. CUrſt Fate! *that brought me where theſe artful eyes*
Did firſt my pleas'd, *my* wondring thoughts *ſurprize!*
Heavens! what a conſternation *ſeiz'd my* Soul!
How to my Heart the poiſon'd Blood *did roll!*
Trembling, and fix'd, I ſcarce conceal'd my pain,
Whilſt Honour *urg'd her rigorous Laws in vain:*
'Tis paſs'd, ſaid I, 'tis paſs'd, the black Decree;
I ſinking catch in vain, but no Redemption *ſee.*
I felt the cruel ſpreading Venom range
Thro' all my Soul, and every Atom *change!*
Then quick, Athenians! *quick preſcribe the means,*
Or I am loſt, to eaſe my Rageing Pains!

Anſw. We know but Two, loſt Nymph! *Darkneſs* and *Chains.*

Queſt. 2. *When* Damon's *Arts do my ſoft* Breaſt *invade,*
What Forces ſhall I call unto my Aid?
Since 'tis alas! but weakly fortifi'd
With Reaſon, Honour, *and reſenting* Pride?

Anſw. And wou'd you now agen diſpute the field;
Who, e're the Foe attackt, did tamely yeild?
You'd not be cur'd; A Lover asks not Eaſe,
But *drink*, like *Oyl in Flames*, to feed the wild *Diſeaſe.*
The beſt Phyſician then, the greateſt Foe;
You'll think he *raves*, when you your ſelf do ſo.
How wou'd you your abandon'd Heart Reclaim?
What methods to Retrieve the *Deſperate Game?*
There's little hopes of *cure*; but, as before,
Take, *Quantum ſufficit*, of *Hellebore.*

Queſt. 3. *More calm, and from all hurtful paſſions free,*
Scarce Man alone in Paradice cou'd be,
Then my contented Thoughts, *if diſpoſſeſs'd*
Of this one curſt Invader of my Breaſt:
But Oh in vain! too hopeleſly in vain,
My feſter'd Soul lies ſtruggling with her Chain;
I'm doom'd a ſlave; nor ſighs the Queen of Love
More ſoft, or ſofter pants her gentleſt Dove;
Yet pure, tho brighter then Platonic *Fires*
Are all my Thoughts, unmix'd with graſs deſires:
Sure Fate it ſelf compels me thus to love,
What elſe within ſhou'd theſe wild Tumults move?

Anſw. Nothing but *Love!* Is there a greater *curſe?*
'Tis well it is not, can it well be, worſe?
Who *fright* you thus, and diſmal tidings tell?
Bating the *Plague*, you'r ſtill *extreamly well.*
Too late from *Athens* you *advice* deſire;
Help comes too late, your *Houſe* is all on *fire;*
Thus gaſping *Beau*, when he no more can *ſwear,*
Sends for the Curate ſtrait to come to *Pray'r.*
Revulſives yet, and *Cauterys* may be try'd;
For *deſp'rate cures* muſt be to *deſp'rate ills* apply'd.
Cut, lance and burn! tear out the envenom'd part!
A *Gainer*, tho it coſt you *half your heart.*
If all be ſeiz'd, and *every Herb* too late.
Be Juſt, and blame your Folly, not your Fate.

Queſt. 4. *I love, but not one Star in Heav'n my friend.*
There, there begins *my* grief, but where will't end?
My wretched Soul, loſt in the Abyſs *of Night,*
For ever loſt, unleſs ſome Beam of Light,
Some friendly glimm'ring, e're too late, appears;
Loſt in the Maze of Grief, and Seas of Tears.
Begin; perhaps your Artful Numbers may
Charm back my ſoul into the Reach of Day:
If not, 'tis pity nobly thrown away.
Ah! would my deaf relentleſs Friends but try
Some other way to prove my Vertue by
Then thus—but Duty *bids me ſay no more;*
'Twou'd make me Rave to think my Torments o're.

Anſw. Can Love on *Pity* live! Compaſſion's due
To all the world, but ſomething more to you.
Thus *Afra*, thus deſpairing *Sappho* mourn'd;
Sure both their Souls are to your *Breaſt* return'd.
By the ſame Tyrant-Paſſion all enſlav'd,
Like you they wrote, like you they lov'd and rav'd.
But ah! their *Vertue vaniſh'd*, what remain'd?
Their *Verſe* as ſpotted as their *Glory* ſtain'd:
They loſt that Gem with which *Orinda* ſhin'd,
And left a ſully'd Name and Works behind.
Your *Vertue* ſtill preſerve, what e'e it coſt;
It may perhaps remain when Reaſon's ſelf is loſt.
So ſhall you greater than *Alcides* prove,
His *Veins* with *Poiſon fir'd*, and yours with *Love*:
Your *Vertue* ſhall the Coward Hero ſhame,
And teach the World, "Tis not an *Empty Name.*

Now enter a little *Doggrel*, to digeſt all this doleful *Heroic.*

Queſt. 5. *Is't not better* weltring *in* Blood *to lie,*
Then to live in perpetual Infamy!
Better to fall underneath the ſlaying Sword,
Then to bear the Laſhes of Envy's Word?
When Word nor Deed won't ſtop the haſty Rage
Of malicious wrath, nor any thing in the world will it aſſwage.
When none can tell, none can conceive what wrong
Has been ſuffer'd by an evil Tongue.

Theſe Verſes, Gentlemen, I aſſure you (ay, we dare ſwear thou doſt not lie) *I wrote when firſt I came Prentice, on my being traduc'd by a peeviſh Maſter to all my Friends; on which I preferr'd a Military Life before all other. Pray tell me your Judgment of 'em, and what you think of my Reſolution to change my way of Life?*

Anſw. Rouze *Athens*! Rouze! or thou art excell'd,
And for ever and ever out-*Doggerell'd.*
Flecknoe's an Aſs, and *Jordan*, all men know it,
And *S——le's* no better; here's your true *City-Poet!*
Hexameter, Pentameter, all together,
Pindaric or *Saphic*, chuſe you whether!
But you, O thrice ingenuous Queriſt,
Whom we by Sympathy love dearlieſt,
You are inſpir'd, there's no doubt of ye
With *Beef-Broth* ſtrong, and potent *Coffee!*
For Natural Dullneſs, Line for Line,
Could never reach a pitch like thine.
But whether or no 'twas wiſely done,
That from the Shop-board you are gone
To Trail a *Pike* inſtead of * *Ell*, * 'Tis a plain caſe if could
Let him be Knighted that can tell. not be a Yard
For had you faithful been, and true, by the next
And ſtill writ on, as us'd to do, Verſe.
You might have ris'n to—who knows who!
Not that you'r blam'd for being bolder,
You'r not the firſt brave *Prentice-Soldier.*
Write ſtill like this, and at defiance
Thy Charms may put ten Roaring Lions.
Write on, and ſpare not, till thou'rt out of breath,
And haſt Rhym'd all the *French Rats* to death.

In-

Indeed, Gentlemen Readers, the *hot fit*'s off, and we have no more Poetry for ye at preſent; therefore we know no Remedy but to fill up with the cold meats of a little Proſe.

Queſt. 6. *Whether* Top-knots *are not unlawful? at leaſt very inconvenient. conſidering their trouble in Riding*, &c. *and not very graceful neither; for there are few Ladies, as well as they love 'em, who care to have their Pictures drawn with 'em?*

Anſw. There will be work enough about 'em ſhortly (whereof we ſhall perhaps trouble the world with an Advertiſement), and therefore we'll not foreſtall the Market, but leave the Ladies themſelves to plead for their own *dearly-beloveds*.

Advertiſement.

Walter Lloyd at the *Ancient Fowler* in *Tower-ſtreet*, *London*, ſells the fineſt, ſtrongeſt glaz'd or not glaz'd *Gun-Powder*, which by the Experience of ſeveral Perſons of Quality and others, hath conſiderably out-done any other *Gun-Powder* yet made. The ſaid *ſtrong Gun-Powder*, and all other ſorts of *Gun-Powder*, is ſold by him at very reaſonable Rates.

The Double Chance.

TO be drawn at twice, wherein all that ſhall not have Benefits the firſt drawing, ſhall have their Tickets that ariſe with Blanks, put into the glaſs again, and drawn a ſecond time, in which there will be but about four to one againſt them to recover their money again.

It is ordered by the Truſtees, That the Books ſhall be ſhut up the firſt of *December*, and the Drawing begin the 3d.

There will be given out 50000 Tickets, at 20*s.* *per* Ticket, to anſwer which 50000 *l.* will be drawn at twice, *viz.* in the Firſt Drawing 40800 *l.* and in the Second Drawing 920 0 *l.* to be lotted, *viz.*

Lotts.		*l.*
1		5000
1		2500
1		1500
1		1000
3	of 500 *l.*	1500
6	of 200	1200
50	of 100	5000
60	of 50	3000
60	of 40	2400
150	of 30	4500
300	of 20	6000
400	of 10	4000
400	of 8	3200
Lotts 1433		40800

All the Numbred Tickets ſhall be put into one Glaſs, as uſual, and in the firſt Drawing be drawn againſt 40800 *l.* in the other Glaſs, Lotted, as above, with proportionable Blanks.

All thoſe Numbred Tickets, which ſhall not have the Fortune to ariſe with Benefits in this Firſt Drawing, ſhall be put into one Glaſs a ſecond time; and in the other Glaſs 9000 Benefits of 20*s.* each, and be drawn again; beſides which 20*s.* that Number'd Ticket which ariſeth with the Firſt, as alſo that which ariſeth with the Laſt in the other Glaſs, ſhall have 100*l.* each, that is to ſay in the Second Drawing.

It is reſolved to be drawn by the 14th of *December* next, 1694. and if not full, in proportion to what then is full. All when they receive their Benefits, are to abate 10 *l. per cent.* for Trouble and Charges of the undertaking.

We doubt not of ſpeedy filling, not only from conſiderable Sums, which have been ſtopt from other Affairs of this kind to put in here, upon the Rumour of this, but alſo from theſe Advantages above others, *viz.*

Firſt, But about 32 Blanks to a Benefit in the Firſt Drawing.

Secondly, He that draws not a benefit the firſt drawing, hath but about Four to One againſt him, to recover his whole Money in the ſecond drawing, beſides 100*l.* for the Firſt, and 100*l.* for the Laſt Ticket.

Thirdly, He that puts in 100*l.* can be ſaid to adventure but 80*l.* ſince he hath an equal Lay to recover about 20*l.* in the ſecond drawing, and a poſſibility to recover more than all, and yet hath as fair an hit for the great benefits from 100 Tickets as if he really adventur'd 100*l.* and ſo for a greater or leſſer Sum; whereas in others if they draw not a Benefit the firſt time their whole money is loſt.

Fourthly, Whereas it is univerſally objected, that by mixing but a few blanks with benefits, 50000 Tickets cannot be ſo well ſhak'd, but a great number of the ſame muſt ſtill continue at the bottom (that otherwiſe might have a good chance if all were drawn) and ſo impoſſible for them to have a chance, which chiefly occaſion'd the misfortune at *Exeter Change*. Here it is reſolv'd all ſhall be drawn, that both then and after, all may be ſatisfy'd the Tickets they paid their money for, were fairly put in, and fairly drawn.

The time of Drawing is upon each Ticket, with a Bill to return the money if not then drawn, alſo the Goldſmiths hath given Security to be accountable for what Money they receive; in whoſe hands the Money ſhall all lye till drawn, where all are to receive their Benefits.

Since an affair of this kind cannot legally be proſecuted without Licence from the Patentees of the *Royal Oak*, we though fit to incert, that we have a Licence under the Seal of their Office, as may be ſeen at Mr. *Smiths*, next *Bedford gate* in *Charles-ſtreet*, *Covent garden*. And that no Lottery, except one of between 16 and 17000 pounds, is ſo licenſed by them, or will be licenſed till this is drawn.

The following Perſons have pleas'd to promiſe to be preſent, as Truſtees, to ſee to the Fairneſs of the Management, *viz.* The Right Honourable the Earl of *Bullingbrook*, the Earl of *Roſcommon*, the Honourable Collonel *Philip Howard*, Sir *Goddard Nelthorpe* Baronet, Sir *John Morden* Baronet, Sir *James Butler* Knight, Sir *John Mordan* Knight, Capt. *John Marlow*, Capt. *Sam. Weſtall*, Mr. *John Heſter*, Mr. *Mathew Howard*, Mr. *Nicholas Cutler*, Mr. *Elias Turner*, Merchants.

Propoſals and Tickets may be had of Sir *John Sweetapple*, at the *Blackamoors Head*, Mr. *Joſeph Horneby* at the *Star*, Mr. *Henry Lamb* at the *Unicorn*, Mr. *Tho. Williams* at the *Crown*, Mr. *Samuel Layfeild* at the *White Horſe*, Mr. *William Shepherd* at the *Angel*, in *Lombard-ſtreet*; Mr. *John Blunt* the *Golden Anchor*, in St. *Bartholomew-lane*; Capt. *John Paſſil* the *Kings Arms*, Mr. *Ed. Harriſon* the *Hen* and *Chickens*, in *Cheapſide*; *Mr. Ja Marvion*, at *Ram-Alley* end in *Fleetſtreet*; *Mr. John Foden* at the *Three* Flower *de luces* at *Fetterlane* end, Chpt. *Tho. Pitts* in *Holbourn*: *Mr. Robert Cooper* the *Golden Lyon*, near St. *Clements* Church, *Mr. George Hallet*, the Corner of *York Buildings*; *Mr. Richard Adams* the *Black Horſe*, near *Charing Croſs*; *Mr. Compton*, by *Clare* Market; *Mr. Charles Shelly* in *Panton ſtreet*, and *Mr. Nathaniel Green* near *Leiceſter Fields*; *Mr. Andrew Coleman* over againſt the Kings Brewhouſe by the *Hermitage*, near St. *Catherines*, Goldſmiths; Mr. *Edw. Lloyds* Coffee-Houſe in *Lombardſtreet*; Mr. *Jonathan Milner* in *Popeshead-Alley*; Mr. *George Martin*, at the *Peacock* in *Cornhill*; Mr. *John Ladds*, at the *Three Kings* in *Cheapſide*: *Mr. Ja. Maſhburne*, Mercer at *Oxon*, Mr. *Croſley* at *Briſtol*, Mr. *Rumbold* at *Cambridge*, Mr. *Nicholas Dixon*, next Sr. *Charles Cotterel's* in St. *Martins lane*, Mr. *M. Smith*, in *Covent Garden*. 'Tis deſign'd to be drawn in *Freemans Yard*, or ſome other convenient place. The Prizes will be printed daily as they are drawn.

Marſhal Smith. *Nicholas Dixon.*

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